

NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.

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FOR WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1874.

Price 10 Cents.



HOW THANKSGIVING DAY AND EVE WAS KEPT.

National Police Gazette.

Herbert R. Mooney & Charles A. Lederer,
Proprietors.

TERMS (IN ADVANCE)—One Year, \$4; Six Months, \$3.

SATURDAY, DEC. 5, 1874.

Communications intended for the Business Department should be addressed to RICHARD K. FOX, Business Manager, 33
Communications intended for the Literary Department should be addressed to HERBERT R. MOONEY, Managing Editor.
All communications should be accompanied by a responsible name to insure attention.
All letters containing names may be sent at the risk of the proprietors, but not otherwise.
In consequence of the extensive circulation of the paper, and the limited space for the insertion of advertisements, the proprietors have adopted the following rates of advertising:

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Notice to Advertisers.

Parties wishing advertisements to appear in the GAZETTE must hand them in before 12 o'clock (noon) on Friday of each week, so after that hour it is impossible to guarantee them an insertion.

Now is the Time to Subscribe.

CLUBS—Any person sending a subscription for ten copies of the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE for six months, or one year, will be entitled to receive an extra copy for himself.

POSTAGE—The legal rate of postage on the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, addressed to its regular subscribers, is Twenty Cents per annum, or Five Cents per quarter, payable in advance. Subscribers who receive their copies by letter-carriers will please hand the annual or quarterly postage to the carriers, taking their receipts. If any higher rates are demanded, report the facts to the local Postmaster.

The postage on copies directed to subscribers in New York City has been prepaid by the publishers.
Post Office Box 40, New York City.

A Shocking Outrage.

The Herald of last Tuesday gave a long account of a terrible outrage committed on a poor Irish girl, whose sad misfortune had led her into the clutches of an employee of the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections.

While crossing Lake Champlain, en route to New York, she caught a severe cold, and "hive spots" appeared on her face. On her arrival in New York she was advised to go to the Board of Health. Here, the hive spots being magnified to small pock pustules in the eyes of the careless officials, she was sent to the small poor hospital, despite her tears and entreaties. She was placed between two frightful cases, one of whom died. For nearly ten days after that she was left in utter loneliness, with the exception of an occasional visit from an attendant, who brought her cold tea on one occasion with a maggot in it. She was then removed to a small room and terribly outraged the unfortunate girl. When she returned to consciousness she was in a terrible condition. Frantic with her misery, she managed to crawl away and get to the Board of Health. Here she was kept by the dictatorial movements of Dr. Day and the Board of Commissioners, until at last the poor girl, in utter despair, crawled to a friend's house, told her story, and took refuge. She now lies at the point of death, a terrible warning to the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections!

Could novelist weave a more terrible picture of the misery of unfortunate womanhood? Starved, gentleman; outraged; gentlemen; and through your carelessness! Gentlemen of the Board of Charities!

A heavy trust was imposed on you when you were given charge of the homeless masses. They were your brethren; men with souls, for whose safety you will have to answer some day at the bar of eternal justice. Is humanity so much freight, or have your souls been so dyed with red tape that the wall of an outraged orphan falls placidly on your ears? Are you deaf to the howl of indignation that swept through the city when these dread facts, brought about by your own red tape, your own carelessness, came to light?

O, as you love your good name; as you hope for mercy at the last day, throw off your lethargy and make atonement to this poor girl—a stranger in a strange land!

If prayers will not avail to obtain justice, bethink you of another alternative that shall cover you with infamy.

The Coal Regions.

Sympathizing as we do with the unfortunate human beings in and about Onondaga and elsewhere in the Pennsylvania mining regions, it is with the deepest sorrow that we learn of the recent outrages committed there by starving, homeless men. With all our boasted civilization the masses of humanity still remain plunged in want and misery. Only by the closest—the most rigid economy—can the average laborer save enough from his scanty wages to insure for himself an independent old age. While we deplore the ruthless lack of foresight on the part of our working classes, we also dare not blame them. Mankind cannot work, work, work, in ceaseless toil, from morn till night, without some relaxation. We, who in the upper walks of life take our postprandial enjoyment, as a matter of course, think but little of the shifts that many of our brethren are put to in order to obtain a moiety of enjoyment once in a way. From a sentimental outlook, we cannot blame the laborer, if, after his sinuous toil is ended, he seeks relaxation from the hopeless routine which marks his walk of life. Partial education has, so far, tended to make the masses discontented with their lot, and brought about the dreaded communist doctrine—a theory in which plausible sophistry has been adroitly weaved with truth by daring demagogues. Truly a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. The great proletarian lynch have learned their power; but years must pass ere they learn how to use it prudently. Having once put our hand to the plow we cannot turn back. Either the workingman must know more, or less. The old feudal system is not to be thought of, and so it must

come to pass that a complete educational system shall take the place of the present imperfect one, and mankind learn to know himself, unaided by the mirror of the sophist. We are ever ready to make excuses for the Western savage when, impelled by want or revenge, he plunges his tomahawk into the brain of some luckless trader. But for the Caucasian savage, we have no pity—no apology. And yet he should be a million times more the especial subject of our philanthropy. Unlike the Red Man, he works hard for his livelihood, and it is only when cruel oppression or false political economy denies him of bread for his little ones, that he turns to the broad white God for aid. Cariboo just now is the scene of such a fight, and we look on with dread on its local and general results.

No Necessity for Creaking.

We hear around us, in every quarter, the perpetual creak, "What hard times we are having." But, when we come to consider this matter fully, we do not see any reason for it.

The harvest this year has been a plentiful one, and to-day the cost of living is less, in every respect, than it has been since 1861, whether in city or country. Why then should this cry of hard times arise and be accepted by the general public as a fact? We say that the "hard times" are more apparent than real, and those who make the most noise about it are those who, as a rule, have made money out of the abnormal rise in values, resulting from a state of war and a gradually depreciated currency, and now that their property is beginning to fall in price, through the shrinkage in values, which naturally results from an improvement in the currency, they "begin to murmur." Gold rose from par to 368 during the war, and since then it has been gradually falling, with the exception of a few occasional spurts of speculation, such as that of Black Friday. The consequence is that to-day the country is in a far healthier condition than it was three years ago. The panic of 1873, which brought down Jay Cooke, Henry Clews and a host of others, was like the bursting of a boiler, which lets out the locomotive matter and restores health to the patient. The railroad stocks and bonds only fell to their true value, but not one dollar of property was destroyed—only fictitious values.

The real fact of the matter is, that it is not the number of dollars people have or earn that is important, but what they can get with them. And it to-day, as in the case, the mechanic or clerk can live better on \$15 a week than he could five years ago on \$20 a week—and we believe the difference to be even greater—we hold this fact as a proof, that creaking is a mistake, and that the country to-day is more prosperous than at any time for the past fourteen years.

EDITORIAL FLASHES.

"Down in a Coal Mine" is not a popular song in Pottsville, Pa.

It is said that New York City will offer superior attractions this winter.

Bald headed roosters may be found at Robinson Hall. M. E. P. every blessed one of them.

Cherubino, our new contributor, says he is a musician, and is often seen at the piano.

Knickerbocker wants to play Dan Sturges for the champion. Go in, Dan; the police will back you.

When the New York State Democrats come into power they should give work to the laboring classes.

Let Grant redeem himself by levelling on Cuba. There will be work enough for every body then.

Lee, the celebrated Mountain Meadows Chief, has been caught by the law. Of course it is a gala day with the Gentiles.

The Police Commissioners, with President Matell at their head, are improving the N. Y. Police from week to week.

Spain had to borrow the money from Havana merchants to settle Great Britain's claim. How about our little Mr. Fish?

World stockholders are confidently expecting a dividend before a million years shall have passed, in consequence of the recent Democratic victory.

And now, according to the Crescent City Courier, the Chinese are Free Masons. They are free with most anything that lays around promiscuously, we believe.

The Sun gives a very full report of a Martha Washington tea party in Brooklyn, mentioning the names of a large number of prominent citizens who were present with "their ladies." Where the d— were their wives?

The rustic swain who secured his sweetheart that he had peeled off the stamp in order to taste that part pressed by her ruby lips, was rather annoyed to find by return mail that the stamp had been affixed by her sister.

Our Fairbanks should bear in mind that they can select their numbers, cut out the tables, and send the four of one time, thus saving postage stamps, time and trouble. The first of the series were published last week.

A Texas gentleman was married the day before he was hanged. It was not stated which knot he liked best.

Courier. It seems to us that he liked both equally well, seeing that they both brought him to the gallows.

If Mademoiselle Pauline Garcia (Bromide of Foxasia?) peened that libel on Mr. Herbert R. Mooney, we are sorry that the unfortunate lady did not learn the conjugation of the English verbs, or she assumed editorial charge of a paper.

Patrick Ford, Esq., of the Irish World, is a thorough type of the Irish gentleman. His unassuming manners, combined with the brightness and vigor of his editorials, place him among the first, if not the first, representative of Irish journalists in this country.

Ab-Bou-Town says:

A modern man donned Leo's skin in search of game to go.

His voice and pen alike betrayed The mind of L. Munroe.

Mr. Anthony J. Comstock, of the Young Men's Christian Association, is, we are happy to say, recovering from the effects of the dastardly assault committed on him in Newark. We trust Mr. Comstock may be spared to pursue his good work, and to show how he can help him that is highly colored paper is still in existence.

The Crescent City Courier, one of the spiciest journals on the Pacific coast, thus notices the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE:

"A welcome exchange now on our table is the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE. It is a large eight-page paper; one-half of the sheet is handsomely illustrated. It is the best criminal journal in the United States, and shows all the dark phases of life in their true light."

THE FALL STYLE OF GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HAT, introduced by BURKE, of 214 Broadway, is the only correct style.

THE HAT TURNED TO PLEASURE!—At Dr. Cleton's Dental Office, in the Cooper Institute. The roll of patients now numbers 77,895, and they have never had a failure or accident from the gum.

THE HAT IS QUITE NEW, and may well informed persons will say or wear any other than the new Elastic Trim, which is constantly worn. A cure is effected and no pain whatever, and is sent by mail to all parts of the country. Send for a Circular to The Elastic Trim Co., No. 688 Broadway, N. Y. City.

NEW ADVERTISING AGENCY.—Rowell & Cheesman have formed a copartnership and established a newspaper Advertising Agency at St. Louis. Mr. George P. Rowell, the senior partner, is well known throughout the land wherever a newspaper circulates, and Mr. Nelson Cheesman has made a reputation as editor of the AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTOR, which is part and parcel of American Journalism. The firm is a staunch and reliable one and we wish it success.—Democrat, Sedalia, Mo.

A BANK ACCOUNT is a good thing to have, but if too freely drawn upon it runs out. Bodily health is the first of blessings, but because a good constitution bears abuse wonderfully, do not assume that a reckoning day will never come. Strive rather to add to that with which you are endowed. Live sensibly and moderately, and at the first symptoms of dyspepsia, disorders of the skin, kidneys, liver or blood, use promptly Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, the unrivaled purifier of the blood and renovator of the system, which is a certain cure.

FALL AND WINTER HOUSE REPLENISHING.—The greatest, most comfortable, and ornamental luxury of the household is a new, bright and handsome carpet. Its appearance, under the care and domestic good management of a thrifty housewife establishes "peace and good will" in the home relations of a man and wife; of course, most especially when the master's temper and natural disposition is severe and bland (as they all are, God bless them.) Now that the busy fall season of furniture and comfort will be required, the cheapest and best house in New York to-day to purchase all kinds of Wilton, tapestry, Brussels and Ingrain carpets, as well as oil cloths, mats, rugs, &c., is at Bendall's "Mist Carpet" Rooms, 119 Fulton street, where all sizes and qualities of carpets are on sale at 80 per cent less than the regular rates, and sent home and put down free of charge, and no trouble to please customers, is exhibited by tasty clerks. It is important to all classes of housekeepers to act on the spirit of economy. Do not fail to call at Bendall's.

To Our Readers—Something New.

The success of the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE has been so extraordinary within the past year, that the proprietors of the journal are enabled to make a number of monthly presents to their supporters. Every reader of the GAZETTE will be entitled to a chance. In order that they may be evenly distributed, the following arrangement has been adopted:

THE TABLE OF FORTUNE.									
6	12	14	18	22	24	26	28		
34	35	36	37	38	108	109	110		
111	112	113	114	411	412	413	414		
415	416	417	418	419	420	70	71		
72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79		
200	201	202	203	204	205	206	210	211	
41	80	90	91	92	93	94	95		
96	97	98	149	150	151	152	161		

The Business Manager of the GAZETTE has made four tables, one of which appears as above in the present issue, to be followed for three successive weeks by the remainder—one table every week. He selects each week a number from said table (the numbers ranging from 1 to 500), and the persons who may have the good luck to forward to the GAZETTE, from the four tables, the number so selected, will be presented with ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS. In the event of none of our readers hitting on the four lucky numbers, any person who selects three of said numbers correctly will receive a present of FIFTY DOLLARS. Any one who selects two of said numbers correctly, will receive TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS. Any one who selects one number will receive a present of FIFTEEN DOLLARS.

The person whose selected numbers come nearest the sum total of the said numbers chosen by the manager, will receive

A present of Twelve dollars.
The next nearest Ten dollars.
The next nearest Seven dollars.
The next nearest Five dollars.
The next nearest One year's subscription free.
The next nearest Four dollars.
The next nearest Three dollars.
The next nearest Two dollars.
The next nearest One dollar.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

In order that the foregoing arrangement may be perfectly intelligible to all, let us illustrate the mode of operation.

Let us suppose that the manager selects from the above table No. 23; from the table in the next issue of the GAZETTE, No. 409; from the next, No. 3, and from the next, and last, No. 500. Then, the person who should fortunately hit on the same numbers would receive a present of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

With regard to the approximate numbers, as the sum total of 23, 409, 3 and 500, is 935, the individual who, in his selections, should come nearest that sum total, would receive a present of TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS; the next nearest, TEN DOLLARS, and so on. What can be said to understand?

One word more, in conclusion. Remember, reader, that it is of more importance to the GAZETTE than to you, that this little enterprise should be

A SQUARE DEAL;

and its projectors have the sincere hope that their

greenbacks will soon be flying all over the States to the lucky ones.

H. B.—Cut out the table with the numbers crossed, and forward them to Richard K. Fox, Business Manager, NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, No. 23 Chambers street, New York. P. O. Box 40.

BUSINESS.—To send the four different tables at the end of the four weeks, with the number marked each week. This will save postage, time, and trouble. Mark the back of each table, first, second, third or fourth, according to its issue. It is not necessary that the reader should be a subscriber in order to entitle him to a chance. Some misunderstanding having arisen on this score, the publishers wish it distinctly understood that any purchaser of the GAZETTE is entitled to a chance.

POLICE TRIALS.

Criminals having complaints to make against Police Officers are received at Room 14, Headquarters, 300 Mulberry street.

OFFICERS.

Captains Thomas Cherry, First Precinct; James M. Leary, Second Precinct; John H. McCullough, Third Precinct; Alexander H. Williams, Fourth Precinct; Charles W. Coffey, Fifth Precinct; William B. Lowery, Sixth Precinct; Ira S. Garland, Seventh Precinct; Charles McDonnell, Eighth Precinct; Thomas J. Kennedy, Ninth Precinct; Charles Williams, Tenth Precinct; Thomas E. Kinn, Eleventh Precinct; Henry Budge, Twelfth Precinct; William H. Clancy, Thirteenth Precinct; Anthony J. Allaire, Fourteenth Precinct; William A. Van Dusen, Fifteenth Precinct; Edward T. Time, Sixteenth Precinct; Jacob Robert, Seventeenth Precinct; John Gunner, Eighteenth Precinct; John J. Mount, Nineteenth Precinct; George Washburn, Twentieth Precinct; John McElwain, Twenty-first Precinct; James J. Ward, Twenty-second Precinct; John M. Robbins, Twenty-third Precinct; Thomas Byrne, Twenty-fourth Precinct; Jeremiah Petty, Twenty-fifth Precinct; John Sanders, Twenty-sixth Precinct; Michael J. Murphy, Twenty-seventh Precinct; Henry V. Steers, Twenty-eighth Precinct; Edward Walsh, Twenty-ninth Precinct; John J. Williamson, Thirtieth Precinct; Thomas O. Davis, Thirty-first Precinct; Henry Hodden, Thirty-second Precinct; Theron R. Bennett, Thirty-third Precinct; Acting Captain Charles T. Williams, Thirty-fourth Precinct.

James Irving, Captain Detective Force. Sergeant John J. Quinn, First District Court; Sergeant Oliver Time, Second District Court; Sergeant Thomas N. James, Third District Court; Sergeant E. B. Phillips, Fourth District Court; Sergeant E. T. Woodward, Fifth District Court. Captain James Irving, Special Service. Peter Yale, Sanitary Commissioner.

DEPORT COMMISSIONER DISBECKER.

POLICE HEADQUARTERS.
NEW YORK, November 25, 1874.

AN ARMED CHARGE.—John O'Neill, patrolman of the Eighteenth Precinct, was charged with failing to discover a burglar on the morning of the 16th inst.

Mr. Christopher Way, the individual whose premises were robbed, is the owner of an extensive hardware store, No. 361 Third avenue, and he has sustained a pretty severe loss.

It appears that the burglar, who doubtless had been planning the robbery for some time past, and knew the habits of the proprietor as well as the precise position and value of the stock which they had determined to remove, had found an entrance in the rear of the premises. They must have been experts, for they executed the deed with marvellous speed, carrying off "the spoil" between the visits of the patrolman, who, to his amazement, he said, had not found out how to be in seven places at once. Having entered an entrance, the rascals at once possessed upon the goods which they had had in their eye, and when Mr. Way entered his emporium later in the morning, he was poorer by \$400 worth of cutlery than when he left his store the previous evening.

After a great deal of hub-bub, usually consequent upon such an affair, in the absence of the thieves, a victim of wrath was looked for and found, in the shape of John O'Neill, whose positive duties compelled him to be far away from the premises in question at the time of the burglary. Commissioner Disbecker, however, with the candor for which he is remarkable, at once saw the physical impossibility even of the most willing officer, and surely O'Neill is not wanting in zeal—being ubiquitous, very properly dismissed the silly complaint. Surely these numerous burglaries should be a lesson to the authorities and make them alive to the fact that most of the beats are far too long to ensure the safety and protection of the public. There are men on the force in some of the most dangerous localities, who cannot possibly show up more than two or three times at certain portions of their beat. Can it then be wondered that crime rife rampant, and ought we to blame officers for what they cannot possibly avoid?

COULDN'T SEE IN THE DARK.—James Giegley, of the Eighteenth Precinct, patrolman, was brought up on the grievous charge of not having learned to see in the dark.

Just about the time that the robbery mentioned above was committed, some burglars entered the premises owned by Messrs. Updike and American, and carried off about one hundred and sixty dollars' worth of goods.

The light burning in the rear room—let it be by the way that the thieves got in, as in the case just recorded—was of feeble nature, that if any wanted one at all, it of the same kind to go to bed, and then, and since Giegley does not carry a night stick with him, and because his eyes are not a pair of eagle's, the simple extra-large super-magnifying, such as Mr. Dan Walker alluded to in the Pickwick trial, it would have been scarcely fair to make him responsible for the "pistol machine," which are less will, in all probability, be fixed up properly by President Matell and Commissioner Disbecker, in such respects, and very properly condemn the absurd eagerness exhibited to prove to the public that police officers who are not wide awake meet with retribution.

There are, doubtless, cases in which policemen are derelict, but they meet with so little encouragement and commendation, that it is a matter of surprise they should be so vigorous as they are. We said something last week about the heroes of the police; but how very seldom are those deserving the title treated as such? In this case, as in the last, Commissioner Disbecker was shrewd enough to see that the officer could do more help the robbery than he could put wings into the heads of those who summoned him to appear before the Court; and, therefore, held him blameless, dismissing the case without hesitation.

HOW RUN IN SHAM.—Michael Fitzgerald, patrolman of the Fourth Precinct, had a narrow escape from dismissal, it being proved that he had partaken of a hot punch when on duty. This was a grave offense, and would have resulted in his being sent to the penitentiary for a year.

MR. WARDEN ON THE LOOSE.—Patrick, patrolman of the Thirtieth Precinct, charged with having stolen a watch and some jewelry from the house of one of the prisoners, was brought up on the charge of having stolen a watch and some jewelry from the house of one of the prisoners.

FREDERICK HOFFSTADT.—Frederick Hoffstadt was arrested on a complaint of H. B. Giffin & Co., who charged that they made a fraudulent disposition of goods before they (Hoffstadt & Hoffstadt) filed a petition in bankruptcy. Commissioner Osborn held them in \$5,000 bail each.

A H-BOU-TOWN.

A SHAKER MEETING—ALSO AN AFFINITY—MY WIFE'S MOTHER IN TROUBLE.

I have been to a Shaker meeting. It's good fun. When I got there, a sister said unto me, "I see an affinity."

Ses I, "Not much, ma'am. I don't adn worth a cent, and if you mean anything bad, I want you to understand that I am a married man and have the wife of my wife's mother still living."

Ses she, "Misguided mortal."

Ses I, "No ma'am, you can't guide me; and I have my doubts about your being a saint."

Ses she, "Oh heart of stone. I feel my pulse throbbing in season with thine; whereby be convinced? Let us mingle our spirits together."

Ses I, "Ma'am, you just let that thing alone. A good many women have been ruined by it, and I don't believe in Kieptomauis."

She had hung on to my watch chain in excess of affinity.

"At least," ses she, "thou wilt dance."

Ses I, "Ma'am, I willist." So we danced mightily together—hands all round, down the middle, double shuffle.

There wasn't a pair of hoofs there that didn't measure four by thirteen, and they were slung round perimous.

Bye and bye the elder got a dose of affinity, and dived beneath the bount of a sister. Then the spirit moved the others, and they went and did likewise.

A friend of mine remarked that the proceedings were barbarous, but soon assimilated with a pretty little sister with black eyes.

My affinity suddenly hung on to me.

"At last we have met," ses she. "Many a night I have seen thee in my dreams. We will go to arcadian happiness."

Ses I, "Not much. Nym Crinkle runs that shebang, and he'd bounce the both of us."

Ses she, "You don't comprehend me. I mean cooling streams, also trees."

Ses I, "You want a heap of cooling streams over you now."

Ses she, "Unhappy, misguided wretch. My psychological impetus, must permeate the viscous fluid of your anatomy and compel you to love me."

Ses I, "Ma'am, I give up. But, if you have a child's primer handy, I'd like to overhaul it."

By this time all hands were affinitizing like the devil. As the wild lotos which blooms on the barren peak beneath the fostering care of Whitelaw Head and draw power makes men forget their families; so also was I about to forget myself as your representative man and become a convert to this new religion."

I stopped suddenly.

Wherefor?

The widow of my wife's father tripped upon the scene.

She had an umbrella with her, and her eyes flashed fire.

Ses she, "What are you doing here? Is it thus you disgrace your home?"

Ses I, "I got an assignment to write this thing up."

Ses she, "Is that any reason why you should go hugging that woman?"

"Who's a woman, ma'am?" shrieked my affinity.

"You are," said my wife's mother, "and I don't believe you're any better than you ought to be."

"Oh! have I come to this," shrieked the affinity.

"You'll come to worse, ma'am, if you don't take care," said my wife's mother.

"If you weren't such a low person I'd pull your bonnet off, ma'am," said my affinity.

My wife's mother cast a look of withering contempt on her opponent, and said unto me, "Come!"

I was going when my affinity interposed.

"You shall not take him away," she said.

Ses my wife's mother, "You had better let me alone, ma'am. I have had three husbands."

"Where are they now?"

Without answering, my affinity proceeded to take down my wife's mother's back hair.

My wife's mother cursed her face with a pair of nails, and then began to undress her.

She also began to undress my wife's mother.

Did you ever see two cats gelling it?

They were like two cats.

By a sudden and adroit movement my wife's mother placed her thumb in the mouth of my affinity. At the same moment the affinity neatly stopped a blow on her sister's temple.

It looked more sinister than before.

Then they clinked and sat down on the floor.

By this time all the sisters had reached for a handful of my wife's mother's hair to remember her by.

I thought it was time to interfere.

DODGER'S EXPOSITIONS.

Movements of Thieves.

HOW THE NEW THING WORKS.

Since my last week's "showing up" of the police captains has ended in favorable results, I now feel inclined to give them another blast so as they will not halt or falter in the performance of their duties. Still at the same time what they are doing is only a bludge to draw the attention of the press from them. We hear of Captain so-and-so arresting a gang of street walkers, and another captain pulling a disorderly house, or a bar; but it is all done for effect and to mislead the public. The fact is, however, that the police are in full operation all over the city; they are everywhere, on every corner, and on every street. All the arrests that have been made were doubtless on account of the parties in question not coming to the front, or in other words, not seeing the powers that be in the shape of a Police Captain. The night that the transfer of them was promulgated, I overheard two of them in conversation, and one expressed himself in the following words: "Why, Ull, old fellow, my hit (his salary) wouldn't furnish me with wine and sugar, leave alone household expenses." "Yes," rejoined the burly Captain of the Fourth, "I find it difficult enough to get along with four thousand a year, leave alone twenty-two hundred." This conversation resulted in their walking off together saying that pleased by the Commissioner's summary action in transferring them from one precinct to another, because it interfered with their pickings. But just as sure as fate, it is only a question of time about their running into the same grooves as their predecessors did. "Sugar" is what they all want, and all get in some manner or other, little recking or caring how it comes, so long as they get hold of it, and the indignant citizens have to console themselves with the idea, how long is this state of affairs going to last. Echo answers, for all time.

BRANSON'S "DIVE" AGAIN.

Last Monday night while passing by Branson's "crib" on the corner of Fourteenth street and Third avenue, I saw an excited individual emerge from the cellar and look around for a "copper." Thinking there was something in it, I approached and asked him what was the trouble, when he replied that he had taken a girl down into one of the private supper rooms and while dallying with her there she had "knucked" him out of his "super," "slang," and "sugar," amounting altogether to a two hundred dollar loss. On discovering that he had been gone through, he at once informed that salacious old hypocrite, Louis Branson, of the occurrence, and all the gratification he got from him was to the effect, if he was a married man the real thing he could do was to grin and bear it; for if ever the "moll" who had robbed him in the newspapers, along with his name and place of residence, and the consequence would be a terrible showing up all around. In the meanwhile the harlot had quietly "nursed" away by the Fourteenth street entrance, after "whacking up" her plunder (as I learned afterwards) with Jack Malone, Branson's ex-barkeeper, and Hen Branson, the proprietor's brother. While on this subject, I must inform my readers that the above two thieves have heard from all the time looking out for anyone that is "boozed," to go through them. They are so cold blooded that, friend or foe, prostitute or "cat," don't escape their grip if ever Louis's poison lips allow them to sleep. One "lump of wood" though, on last Saturday night, came to the conclusion that he would have a "shot" for his "sugar," but it was useless, as he was double bunked by Jack Branson's son, and another thief who took a hand in. The upshot of this matter resulted in Jack getting "collared" and fined an X, which his strumpet raised by paying some of her "togger." Now I would like to know what Capt. Gunner is going to do with this receptacle of all that is vile, low and filthy. He is going to be like his predecessor, Mr. Tylan, of whom that beastly old scoundrel Branson openly boasted in his desperate life den that he had him "squared?" Heavens forbid. Let him go down into some night into the kitchen, and if he don't see something that will make his hair stand, then he possesses a stronger nerve than I give him credit for. John, you had better pull this "crib" at once, and effectively break it up; for, if you don't, there will be war between us. This is no threat; all I ask is to get this nuisance abated, because it is a moral outrage to allow it to exist and, what is more, you will rest assured in your own mind of having done a benefit to the public. Wake up, Capt. John, and show us that you are above a bribe from Branson or any other man who carries on such an infernal, disreputable business, as he does nightly on the corner of Fourteenth street and Third avenue.

APPROPOS OF THE ABOVE.

Tommy Lynch, an ex-convict from Sing Sing, stopped at Branson's "dive" a few nights since, in a coach. Inside the coach was a pile of swag in the shape of lace, ribbons, furs, silks, and everything else belonging to a drygoods store. His object in stopping there, was to see if any of the "molls" knew where Mr. Meadellbaum kept her "fence" arrangement, because Harris of Second street, only "stood" for "supers" and "penyweight," and he wanted to dispose of it in a hurry. On being informed of the locality, Delaney and Orchard streets, he darted out and returned back in half an hour, with some sixty "cases" for his "whack." Then the pot-gutted Branson came in with some of his heavy speeches, to try and beat this "gondor" out of his easily earned "sugar." A sample of his flowery rhetoric will suffice:

"Ah, Tommy, what is it to be, a porter-house stake for all hands, oyster roasts, or there—give it a name, my dear boy." (Then aside) to a harlot, "swell his head and go through him like a dose of salts; he is a 'crank' and coming down the river." Too much space would be occupied by going through the whole details. It is sufficient enough to know that when Mr. Lynch left there all he had in his possession, was about enough to pay bed money with his "moll." Carry this thing on a little longer, Tommy, and the next time it will be five "stretchers" for you, instead of two and a half.

ONE FROM THE "HUB."

While walking up the Bowery on Wednesday, I "piped off," standing outside Dutch George's "crib," 101, Johnny Watson, a full fledged "knack" from Boston. He, it "appears," found the city of pork and beans too limited for his sphere of action, and hence his advent here. I understand that he has been working the Grand Central depot with so much success that all the Bowery girls are crazy after him on account of his lavishing manner. I wonder if he was so true while doing his three "stretchers" in Charleston "strut" Not much, you bet.

CASINO JOE

Is the nom de plume of a "sheeny" "holster" that works dry goods stores early in the morning. His plan is to go to some wholesale store where the porter is the only man around, and while engaging him in conversation alight the article he covets into the capacious pockets of his "top jack," then remarks that he will call in later, and that's the last of him, as far as buying is concerned.

WHY CAN'T THIS THING BE STOPPED?

President Mattell's fulmination about us possessing the finest police force in the world, don't amount to a row of pins, when such panel thieves are allowed to rope in countrymen around Fourteenth street and Union square as Addie Rivers and her "bloke" Frenchy does nightly.

[Subject of Illustration.]

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

Among the many disreputable houses in Bleeker street, says a gentleman who is well acquainted with the locality, is one, a part of which has been used for a long time for the purpose of a "copper." Our informant, who knew not the nature of the place, lived in two rooms on the basement floor, and one night last week, while in conversation with a friend, he heard a woman's scream. The sound came from the floor above, and, followed by his friend, he quickly mounted the stairs. The cry was repeated, and he at once tried the door handle of a room from which it evidently proceeded. The door was locked, but without hesitation he broke it open and darted in to find a woman struggling with a beautiful young woman, who was faintly murmuring, "don't, Ned, dear Ned, for Heaven's sake don't kill me." The brave visitor seized the infernal scoundrel by the collar, and just as he was giving him almost superhuman strength, he hurled him against the wall, knocking the scoundrel out of him. The poor girl, although deeply grateful to the stranger for saving her life, entreated him to spare her lover, whom she nevertheless declared she would leave at once. Nothing would induce her to make a charge against him, and satisfied himself that she did have the brutal wretch, the gentleman reluctantly left him to recover his senses.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A MUSIC TEACHER'S DODGE.

It is well known that music teachers are allowed more license in the governing of their pupils, than are instructors of art, and it is within our recollection that scores of our young female friends have indignantly rapped their knuckles, and pulled their little ears during their daily efforts to strike a clean octave, but were somewhat surprised to learn that Mrs. Dubois, a Parisian instructor, in a moment of frenzy, actually drew a dagger on a fair pupil, only, as he said, to frighten her into being a good performer.

Sunday at the Tombs.

REPORTED FOR THE "GAZETTE" BY CHAMBERLAIN.

His Honor smiled, as he took his seat last Sunday morning. But it was evident that the remnants of a lobster salad yet lurked in his system, and had somewhat to do with his feelings. "Sixth and Eighth," said he, and a miscellaneous assortment of humanity, came up to be duly tickled with a free press. "Did you ever look at Bumping from an unethical point of view?" asked His Honor of Robert Walsh, who had been arrested because "he wasn't a-doin' of nothin'!" "That's just it, yer Honor," he returned. "How so?" asked his Honor, complacently chewing a pen. "Well, you see, the doctor gave me one of them things once, and I ain't got my senses yet—never been good for much since, yer Honor. The State ought to support me."

"So do I, Robert; but the State is hard-hearted. Republics, as a rule, are hard-hearted; but that's no reason why you should beat your wife in the ear."

"No, yer honor; it was the gas."

"Well, Robert, I'll care you. I don't like to be hard on you."

"Thank you, yer honor."

"There's a place up the river, celebrated for the purity of its oxygen and atmosphere, will cure you right off about ten days. If you ain't a bit better this time, next drunk snail, and I'll give you a two-hundred-dollar medicine."

"(Aside) That's Latin, Chamberlain, and means in a multitude of Police Magistrate's terms is wisdom."

"We are too much governed," groaned Robert, and went his way.

"Got drunk and walloped you, eh?" remarked his Honor to a Benedict of the Sixth.

"Yes, yer honor; tried to chew off a piece of my ear."

"Did she eat it?" asked his Honor.

"No, yer honor."

"Then it was evidently a piece of resistance. Ten days, Mrs. Marylebone, we can't allow Sybarites in the Sixth." Mrs. Marylebone went and joined her sister.

"I lost my child, yer Honor, and jested up against the gentleman while I was looking for him," said Margaret Hayte.

"Barnum wants that boy, Mrs. Hayte; allow me to congratulate you—you are worth a fortune."

"How so, yer Honor?"

"Well, if you have a boy small enough to get into a man's pocket, you'll be a millionaire in no time. Where is that remarkable child?"

"He's got the measles, yer Honor, and a touch of the croup."

"And yet you let him go out on the street. Mrs. Hayte, you do not deserve to be a matron. Ten days is the least I can impose."

Mary left weeping.

"Solomon could not have judged more wisely," said Chamberlain, in agony of admiration.

"You're a Roman matron," said his Honor to a beggar woman with four.

"No, yer Honor; I'm an American."

"And I say you're a Roman matron. Were't you romin' all over the town yesterday? Where, oh where, is the sturdy self-reliance and laborer purity that once distinguished your sister? Take ten days' worth, the fresh air will do you good."

"Are you a mechanic?" asked his Honor of a Scotchman.

"Nae, yer Honor, am no that; am a McPherson."

"Good for ten days, or ten dollars."

The money was paid.

"When you come again," said his Honor, "I hope you'll have more sense."

"The horizon begins to look clearer," remarked his Honor, as he enclosed the "ten" in his left vest pocket.

"It was the double extra ale, yer Honor; didn't know it was so strong. Only two glasses, so help me."

"Did you ever study Algebra?" asked his Honor.

"No, yer Honor—why?"

"Because if you had, you wouldn't be here. Know, then, misguided toper, that x plus x signifies an unknown quantity. Never seek to penetrate its mysteries."

"Knowledge is power," remarked Chamberlain, and his Honor acquiesced.

"Attacked me on the street, yer Honor," said Cy-clops, "because I called her a symphonic poet."

"That was it, yer Honor," sobbed out Baby. "I wouldn't have cared if he called me a prostitute. But I ain't a girl to stand bent called no hard names."

"You shouldn't talk French to ladies," said his Honor. "Baby, sweet child of the pavement, I sympathize with you, although there yet hovers an atmosphere of gin about your ruby lips. But the law must be respected. Ten days, Mary. Be virtuous, and you'll be correspondingly out of pocket."

"The cases are disposed of, and I am weary. Come, let us smile together. These harrowing scenes affect my nerves."

We retired, and smiled. So jogs the world along.

[Subject of Illustration.]

PANIC IN JERSEY CITY.

An artist of the GAZETTE presents its readers with a sketch which well portrays the effect produced upon some of the residents by the powder explosion at the Bergen Tunnel.

DRAMATIC.

BARNUM'S HIPPODROME was unusually crowded last week in consequence of the new Chinese spectacle.

JACK BERRY did a good average business during the week, with the exception of last Thursday matinee and evening, when his show theatre was filled to overflowing. The leading attraction was the lancers, in which thirty-five beautiful young ladies thrilled the audience. Mr. Berry's enterprise has placed him on the road to fortune.

NIRLO's did a fair business with Metamora. The Black Crook has taken its departure from this theatre to the Grand Opera House, where it is received with favor.

CASBY's was crowded on Thursday night by lovers of good music, anxious to witness a good olio.

At HARRY HILL's last Thursday night was an excellent, and an unusually excellent variety entertainment was given in consequence.

THE HARTFORD OF Le Park stocked in vast numbers to their popular resort, and it seemed as if there was no lack of money. The pretty waiter girls proved a powerful attraction. For the remaining theatres we refer the readers to News Trooper's report.

TAKE NOTICE THAT THIS IS THE SECOND WEEK OF OUR PRESENTATION ENTERPRISE. THE FIRST TABLE APPEARED LAST WEEK WITH FULL INSTRUCTIONS.

THE SEVENTEENTH PRECINCT.

WHAT THE NEW CAPTAIN IS DOING—THE FATE OF THE POLICE SHOPS.

Captain Siebert, of the Seventeenth Precinct Police, made a raid on the police shops in that ward, on Wednesday night. The men arrested were Thomas Quinn, who lives at 404 and deals at 92 East Houston street; Carlton Webb, living at 108 Elm street, and selling at 208 East Houston; and John Sprague, who operates at the corner of Second avenue and First street.

Captain Siebert, in conversation with a GAZETTE reporter, expressed his intention of breaking up police shops in his precinct, whenever they should be found. "They are a nuisance," said he, "which is taking the money right out of poor people's pockets." Siebert has some great deal of New York police life, and he will undoubtedly become popular with the people of the 17th Ward, especially with the Germans, for he is "ein deutscher."

Very few officers have changed about more than he. These transfers certainly give men much experience, which they would not otherwise receive. In 1890, Captain Siebert was appointed patrolman, and since that time, in different capacities, he has successively been in the following precincts: Fourteenth, Twenty-first, Ninth, Twenty-seventh, Thirtieth, Third, Tenth, Thirty-second, Twenty-fourth, Seventh and Seventeenth. Enough changes, we should think, for a man only thirty-eight years old.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A NEGRO MONSTER.

L'VE IN A MUD-HOLE.

A correspondent in Nashville, Tenn., sends an article clipped from the Nashville Banner, which gives an interesting account of a wild negro known as Edmund, in Obion county. He lives in a mud state, in a mud-hole, to care what he calls a "blood fever." Through water and summer he remains in his hole, and builds a fire around it when it is cold. He has stood this life for more than five years. For food he obtains corn, "peas" of which is frozen. Want of space prevents our reproducing the Banner's account, but we will a few words from our correspondent: "I was chopping down some trees, and my wife and children were gathering nuts near by, when this monster appeared. He nearly frightened the life out of my wife and the girls, and though he did not make any threatening demonstration I lifted my axe and in turn gave him a fright; for, thinking that I intended to kill him, he ran away half scared out of his senses. If he ever had any, the Banner says that he should be taken care of, and I think so too."

[Subject of Illustration.]

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A WARNING TO GAMBLERS.

Harry Weston is fond of games of chance, but is otherwise a good fellow. On Monday night he won a big pile of cash, and went his way rejoicing. He was, however, followed by two men who had noticed his success, and, as a last resort, they attempted to rob him. Being unaccustomed and brave, he knocked one of the rascals down, and was about to serve the other in the same way, when the first drew a revolver and fired at him; then, hearing the bullet cut through his coat sleeve, but failed to wound him. He saved his money, but he says he will take the warning and gamble no more.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A ROMANTIC ELOPEMENT.

James Lawrence, of Jacksonville, Ohio, was the good and dandy child of an infatuated and drunken father, who was about to sell her to a wealthy debauchee for a sum of money. She was helpless, and would have been victimized had it not been for the timely aid of a young Irishman named Michael Fox, whom she loved both dearly and well. At a delightful caucus, the young man from Belfast made her step to a justice of the peace, where in a few minutes he gained the right to protect her, and now it will be a bold man who will dare to "put them under."

[Subject of Illustration.]

A YOUNG WOMAN'S DEPAIR AND SUICIDE.

According to an English journal, a young girl employed as a domestic in a suburb of London, was betrayed by one of the young men of the family, and, finding that he had no intention of marrying her, she procured a pistol and shot herself in the head. The wound was trifling, and a fellow servant wrenched the weapon from her; but so desperately intent was she on ending her life, that she escaped over a low wall, and running to a pond about a quarter of a mile distant, jumped in, and so ended her wretched life.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A POLITICIAN'S PERPLEXITIES.

A noted politician, whose difficult position as artist of the GAZETTE has amazingly pleased him, was, on Sunday getting into high office, he was visited by his friends, (7) each of whom wanted to be put in office. Although he felt inclined to have them put out of office, (his own) still he acknowledged to himself that he was in a quandary. "I must dissemble," he murmured. The reader by referring to the cut will find him in the positive act of dissembling.

[Subject of Illustration.]

HOW STRANGERS ARE SWINDLED IN NEW YORK.

A gentleman from the West, lately fell a victim to one of the numerous "side" business exchanges of New York. The stranger had Western lands and wanted to exchange them for a house and lot up town. The manager had just such a house and lot; but as an earnest of good faith, requested a deposit of one hundred dollars, which was to be deducted for the commission. The gentleman was to be at the office next day. He was there, but the manager wasn't, nor is he ever likely to be again.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A MONSTROUS CRIME.

FEARFUL OUTRAGE BY NEGROES.

A white man tells of a narrow escape he had from death at the hands of some Louisiana negroes, who, after robbing him, prepared to burn him alive. The sound of some approaching wheels so alarmed them that they put the fire out, stripped him and carried him to a stream. After tying some stones to his body they threw him in and ran off. Providentially, the stones got loose and, although very weak, he struck out and scrambled to the bank.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"INFRA DIG."

Mr. and Mrs. Brandy reside somewhere in New Jersey (we wish to spare his feelings and will not be more particular). They do not jog along well together, and latterly the old woman did not see the color of his money. She wondered where he banked it, and knowing that he had just received a goodly sum, kept an eye on him, which required no little ability, since she equaled him. One evening she saw him dig a hole beneath a fallen tree in which he deposited a bag. As soon as he departed, she went in for a dig, which, although tiring on her part, proved satisfactory. Spade have lost; but when he learns the truth, she may win.

[Subject of Illustration.]

FOOT-PADS AT WORK.

Statistics prove that crime is alarmingly on the increase. The robbery of Mr. Elliot of New Orleans, while sojourning in New York, by foot-pads, is additional proof, if it were needed, that our police force should be strengthened. He officers never so wide awake, they cannot now properly cover the ground.

[Subject of Illustration.]

HOW THANKSGIVING DAY AND EVE WAS SPENT.

EXPERIENCES OF THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE SPECIALIA.

Last Tuesday the specialia of the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE received their assignments to work up Thanksgiving Day, avoiding the better track as much as possible. The first to return with his budget was An-Bow-Town, who, to do him justice, tells a harrowing tale.

AN-BOW-TOWN'S EXPERIENCES.

Sir—I am in ahead of the others, because I thought the reader ought to get through with the heavy business and go on to something light. When I had received my assignment I returned to my boarding house. I ate nothing that day, although it was Thanksgiving Day. I was resolved to get turkey next day or bust. On descending next morning I saw a hawk. I said nothing, although I had missed my umbrella the night before.

I didn't want to overhaul that hawk because I didn't want to accuse the landlady of larceny on a legal holiday, and gingham isn't good for digestion. At dinner time I came in and the same object met my eye. There had been a turkey; but some one had come to before me, and that turkey had gone. Reckless of what I did, I went home. There was no one in the house except the twins, and they were howling. Mrs. A. B. T. and her mother had gone out. I imagined with them enjoying their innocent prattle, and thinking what a fool my wife was to be out walking with I was having a good time. Those children had forty horse-power lungs. I had had nothing to eat for two days; also, I had an assignment to work up for you. I thought to myself Thanksgiving Day is a great institution. When I heard Robinson singing songs and laughing, next door, I sympathized with him, and wished the Lord he'd fall down and knock his head. I could have guessed over a broken limb (if it weren't broken) and called in delight over a man with a broken nose. In the night time I heard some one cough twice. The coughing, I thought, I could have guessed (twice) that some one had gone to sleep. I forgot to tell you that a servant girl had left the week before because the house was haunted.

I went down in the pantry twice to examine some broken victuals. I had just discovered the remains of one, when a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder. Through the darkness I could see a pair of luminous eyes staring at me. My hair rose.

I put the turkey down and left.

When I got to my boarding house in New York, the clock struck twelve. I had come thirty miles in thirty-five minutes. I would have gone faster if the train had more steam up. I got into bed feeling happy, and that ended my Thanksgiving.

P. S. The boys say they played a good joke off on me, but I don't see much of a joke in it, do you?

From this melancholy recital, we turned to

MR. THORNTON'S REPORT.

Sir.—The theatres were pretty well filled last Thursday, matinee and evening, but with the exception of Wallace's, none of them did anything like a good Thanksgiving Day business. Many managers who had counted on this day's receipts to carry them along, were deeply disappointed, and some, I fear, will have to go to the wall. Notwithstanding the poor state of the times, many of the audience were in good spirits. There was a readiness about them, especially amongst the gods, which grew more apparent, as intermittent drinks produced their natural effect. Many unemployed actors, who had counted on twenty or thirty dollars, were sadly disappointed, and ambitious speculators who played with hastily selected companies, found to their cost that this was one of the worst Thanksgiving Days we have had for some years.

This is certainly a gloomy view of the day, and we turn from it with a lingering hope that Chamberlain may have a better report.

CHAMBERLAIN'S REPORT.

Sir.—We had a jolly time last Thursday. George Jones, the "Count Joanne," got a retainer of fifty cents and proposed that we should go on a spree together. To this I assented. The first place we visited was a little back parlor near the Tombs. A noble justice was betting that Stonewall Jackson would run for alderman next term, as we entered, "Ten days or ten dollars," his Honor asked of me. Said I, "If it's all the same, I'll take the ten dollars, as the highwayman said to the Marquis of Kent." His Honor waved his hand and put on a profound look, thus sealing the fate of half a dozen imaginary drunks. Said he, "We don't want any of your blasted English talk here. I want you to understand that this Thanksgiving Day, and if I had Queen Victoria here, I'd commit her for contempt of court. I don't see what the judges on the other side are about."

"Now so, your Honor?" I asked.

"Look here, Chamberlain, didn't you tell me the Queen didn't give any receptions?"

Said I, "Most assuredly."

"Well, and blast yer eyes, ain't that contempt of court?"

"Ten days," I groaned, and we all smiled.

From thence, sir, I proceeded to several other places, and saw Monsieur Joseph Howard of the Star, hobnobbing with Controller Green and Theodore Tilton and Henry Ward Beecher, who was supposed to have preached a sermon in Elizabeth, but did not. Having met Joe at Delmonico's with the abroad party, they ignored and proceeded to draw up a bond of friendship in which Mr. Beecher was to pay Theodore twenty cents for editing "The Life of Christ," and Controller Green was to buy up half interest in the Star, giving, in return, the city's watered stock and a promise to vote for the payment of the Star's bill against the city. William Shanks, of the Tribune, was pressing champagne cocktails and other suppers upon Mr. Herbert B. Mooney, of the GAZETTE, and William C. Knaply had just presented him with a \$5,000 check for writing up the Brooklyn ring frauds.

John Morrisey was laying plans with Mr. Tilden for the reorganization of the police force, and our venerable President was executing a pass de deux with Mayor Havemeyer, who, by the by, said a good deal of sugar could be made out of the city government, which, apropos of his former business, I considered said. Both of these gentlemen promised the Governor's secretaryship on your humble servant, who declined it in favor of the Honorable Wynnie Johnson, who at present has three free lunch routes and a linen duster at his disposal. From all this you will infer that I got things mixed. I admit it as far as the spirit is concerned, but not in the strict letter of your allegation. When I retired to my couch in Frankfurt street, I went to sleep, to be awakened by rats who were enjoying a portion of my nose as a Thanksgiving feast. I need not tell you that I was frightened, or that their scurrying proceedings filled me with horror. It did, and I have been in the horrors ever since. I had as much fun as I could get on that account as I wanted. I trust, sir, you had the same.

Yours,
CHAMBERLAIN.

From this tale of desecration we turn to

DODGER'S EXPOSITIONS.

Dear Sir: The "Knacker," "Oly Fakers," and Crackamen had, on the whole, a pretty fair Thanksgiving, though nothing like that of previous years. Most of them stayed with their "molls" instead of patronizing the "boosing dens" of the arena festivity. On another column I go into the details more fully. Enclosed a sketch of Red Dan and his "moll" at dinner.

On the first page will be found a sketch by Dodger of a notorious crackman and his "moll." They have just finished their turkey and are going in for a boost.

Next in order come Bertie Harecourt's report: Dear Sir—A good case came under my notice last Thursday which but illustrates the maxim, that crime is reckless of the day. Fortunately, the affair so far has been kept from the public. I have no mind to reveal the young lady's name, and so I shall call her Miss Emily Wall and presuppose that she lives on an aristocratic street running from Fifth avenue. On the day in question she was called upon by Mr.

The reader may readily imagine why it is that I refrain from publishing the wretch's name. Not for his sake, but for that of an innocent young girl who is now, alas! ruined for life. Sometime past this lascivious monster had been paying devoted attention to this fragile blossom, taking her to the theatres. She, poor thing, laughed at her ungainly form, but, at the rate, proud of her victory, coquetted with him. At any rate, the offence was venial. On Thanksgiving Day he called on her, the girl receiving him alone. After a little desultory conversation he produced a cornucopia of candy and gave it to her in honor of the day. As she conversed with him, she ate of the candy. Suddenly her spiritless laugh ceased; she became heavy, drowsy; essayed to get up, and leave the room. A moment more, and she lay senseless in the villain's power.

When she returned to consciousness, the villain was gone, and, with tottering, feeble steps, almost heart-broken, she hastened to inform her brother. The father's rage and horror may easily be imagined, and there is not a friend of the family who knows about the affair, that has not sworn to put a bullet through the wretch's brain. He, fortunately for his own carcass, has disappeared; but we pray God that justice may speedily overtake him. In the experience of one poor family, Thanksgiving Day proved most sad. Let us hope that the Lord will temper the wind to the storm lamb.

Another incident of Thanksgiving Day not reported by our specialia, and yet presented on our first page, is of too well known occurrence. It bridges the misadventure of that memorable occasion, the is no less determined that the old man and woman shall have a good feed. Thus it is that the ham comes in its place, and sundry joints of the turkey are not of interest. When that occasion and six go together, on Thanksgiving Day, our account will balance the other at the last day. And so, kind friends, we hope you have all had a merry Thanksgiving Day.

CURRENT NEWS CONDENSED.

NOVEMBER 21.—Great Britain takes exception to the International code proposed by the Brussels Congress. Prince Gortschakoff believes that peace in Europe is assured for many years. Detectives Foster and Beech of Alabama notoriously have returned to Washington, leaving their prisoners without procuring them. It is charged that several hundred men were employed in the Christchurch (N.Z.) Navy Yard just previous to the election for political purposes, and that Congressman Goodrich signed a large number of recommendations of men who were employed. The report of the Patent Office shows an increase in the number of applications filed and patents granted during the last year. A fire in Brooklyn, Penn., destroyed property valued at \$250,000. The Commonwealth of Ohio, a new political formation, has been established in Massachusetts. Serious troubles have occurred at the coal mines near Scranton, Penn.; it is believed that all danger of violence has passed. H. W. B. is counsel will appeal from the denial of the bill of particulars. Demas Barnes acquitted of libeling Mrs. Brown. A note of issue filed against Monahan. Six men indicted for arson.

NOVEMBER 22.—The Pope says that Trudell is a "spiritual pirate." Secretary Fish wants arbitration of the Spanish difficulty. The Rev. Dr. Tidwell of Washington delivered a sermon in Baltimore for the benefit of the Washington Monument fund; President Grant, several members of the Cabinet, and other distinguished men were present. The trotting race for \$5,000 in San Francisco was won by Judge Fullerton in three straight heats. Want in Texas; crushpoker! A. J. R. Lowell probable Minister to Russia. A. J. R. Lowell probable Minister to Russia. A. J. R. Lowell probable Minister to Russia.

NOVEMBER 23.—The Pope says that Trudell is a "spiritual pirate." Secretary Fish wants arbitration of the Spanish difficulty. The Rev. Dr. Tidwell of Washington delivered a sermon in Baltimore for the benefit of the Washington Monument fund; President Grant, several members of the Cabinet, and other distinguished men were present. The trotting race for \$5,000 in San Francisco was won



A MONSTROUS CRIME, Page 3.

"This partial restitution," said Hare, during a narration of some of his adventures, "will doubtless be laughed at by many, as strangely inconsistent with the act out of which it grew; but I affirm that its motive was sincere, and I doubt not, strange as it may seem, that many who make great parade of their charities, give from a sum not a whit more honorably obtained, and perhaps not so liberally in proportion to their evil gains."

THE MYSTERY OF A FLAT-BOAT.

Being in funds, the depredators now travelled northward and began to prospect. One day, Hare being short of provisions, turned his horse over to the care of his companions, and, throwing his rifle on his shoulder, set out in search of wild game. While exploring near the river, an object caught his eye. It was a boat, which about a quarter of a mile distant, shot into a bayou. Two men immediately sprang to the shore, drove a stake and fastened her securely. They then lifted some thing from the bottom of the boat and started in the direction of our highwayman.

SPY AND THIEF.

As he was, Hare grew very curious to know what the men were about, and he quickly placed himself in a position where he could watch unobserved.

The men drew near him and halted at the decayed stump of a huge cotton tree, within a few yards of where the robber laid completely covered by the dense undergrowth. They looked around carefully, and then one said:

"This is the spot for us."

"Yes," replied the other, setting down an apparently heavy log which he had carried.

"Where shall I dig?" said one, who carried a spade. "Here; close by the stump—but hold on! Give me the shovel; I'll do it myself." Saying this, the last speaker took the spade and commenced to dig briskly. A large hole being made, the log was thrown in; and next followed a gold watch and chain which the digger took from his pocket and wrapped in a piece of tarpaulin. The hole was then filled up and covered with brushwood.



A MUSIC TEACHER'S DODGE, Page 3.

SKETCHES OF CRIME.

No. 1.—Continued.

Extraordinary Career of Joseph T. Hare.

HARE BECOMES A PROFESSIONAL HIGHWAYMAN—THE ROBBERY OF A COUNTRYMAN—STRANGE GENEROSITY—MURDER—BURIED TREASURE.

Hare, now a full grown man, not devoid of intellect, began to ponder over the past, and think of the future. He thought of the place which, as a wild boy, he had loved; and he wished to return to it, not as he had left it—a degraded outcast—but, redeemed by wealth into an object of respect.

It has been said, with some degree of truth, that every Jack has his Jill; and Hare, in his lonely wanderings and better moments—for there are few beings who are wholly bad—brought to him a pair of loving eyes which never looked reproachfully on him. It was the thought of a sweet, kind face, which prompted him to dwell on the ultimate possibility of better things. Ah! had the fool at that moment cut the devil from him, and turned his thoughts and best energies to honest dealings, he would have saved his soul alive; but when he dreamed of the good fortune which might lead him back to the gentle creature who had made him her hero and heart's idol, it was of a different kind to that which it should have been. He resolved to acquire wealth speedily.

BY CRIMINAL MEANS.

and then abandon crime forever. He would vindicate himself in his native place, by an ostentatious display of his property, and carry off his mistress in triumph. Poor dupe of a false glitter, he never once glanced to the shade where pitfalls abounded. He had no dread of the perils of his chosen path, nor did he shrink at that fearful sight which, had his mind's eye penetrated the gloom, would have filled him with awe.

Hare still belonged to the guard, and the mode of robbery which he adopted was not likely, unless modified, to enrich him with much speed. He therefore decided to quit office and become

A HIGHWAYMAN.

seizing money-bags and mail-bags, instead of going for an occasional pocket. The condition of the Southern and Western country during the first year of the present century was peculiarly tempting and profitable to knights of the road. Railroads and steamboats were unknown, and even continuous lines of stages were seldom to be found except between cities of the most extensive note. That huge river, the great artery of the continent, whose turbid waters now roar and groan under propulsive monsters, bearing rich freights, from point to point, along shores teeming with prosperous thousands, was navigated only by the raft and flat-boat, and its silent and almost desolate shores gave no invitation either to the traveller setting north or to the blood-hounds following on his trail.

The communications with the interior, even as far as Pittsburgh, Pa., were conducted mainly by travelling parties through the body of the country, and the domestic exchanges between the North and South were in a great measure dependent upon a horse's speed and a pair of hooters.

These "good old times" were, as far as travellers were concerned,

FRESHLY WITH MORRIS!

The amounts carried by travelling parties were very large, and a highwayman with a large imagination, and a disposition as sanguine as that of Hare, might calculate without any very great extravagance upon becoming rich "at one lick."

Looking about him for two congenial companions, whom he soon found, he went out into the road, choosing the interior of the State for his first essays.

A GENEROUS ROBBER.

Hare in his confession tells the following story of himself: On one occasion he waylaid a countryman, and took from him two hundred and fifty-seven dollars. The unfortunate man protested that it was all he had in the world, and described the desperate straits to which he would be reduced, if left penniless in New Orleans. Hare was touched, and gave him back forty dollars, telling him to thank his lucky stars that he had met with man of some principle.

"Let this be a lesson to you," said the robber. "If we had not fell in with you this night and treated you as we have done, it is ten to one but some designing swindler would have picked you up to-morrow, and plundered you of every cent."

The victim did not seem to appreciate this grim humor, but struck with wonder at the strange philosophy which made robbery an act of friendly courtesy, moved off with his hat in his hand, before the range of a levelled persuader—formidable looking weapon in those days—which insured his not giving the alarm.



FEARFUL OUTRAGE BY NEGROES, Page 4.



A LOVE AFFAIR AND SUICIDE, Page 4.

"I think that'll do," said he; "there's safety for you."

"Yes," replied his companion. "When we get back to Baton Rouge we can learn whether he has been missed, and whether there's to be any fuss about him. If all's well, we'll come back to Baton Rouge, after our trip to New Orleans, and drop the boat business for a while."

TREASURE TROVE.

No sooner had the boat and men disappeared from sight than Hare crept from his hiding place, and drawing his broad-bladed knife, commenced undoing the work that had just been done. In a few minutes he reached the deposit and eagerly drew them to the surface of the earth. Taking one of the bags, he did not pause to untie the strings, but cutting it with an eager slash, soon satisfied himself as to its contents, for they were filled with gold and silver.

It was now growing dark, and thrusting a pocket-book and the watch and chain in his pocket, he returned swiftly to where his fellows were encamped.

BLOOD MONEY.

The coin having been counted, was found to amount to over four thousand dollars. Hare then drew forth the pocket-book, which contained notes for three hundred dollars. On closely examining the pocket-book he found the leather stained with spots of blood, as if it had been dabbled by

THE MOIST FINGER OF A MURDERER, and the chasing of the heavy case was also smeared with blood. Hare, who had never yet contemplated murder, much less engaged in it, shuddered at the sight, but he put the watch back in his pocket without washing it, and the wallet found a hiding place in his breast pocket. The money was divided equally amongst the band, and placed in the secret belts which encircled their bodies.

At daylight next morning the papers were examined, and the owner's name was discovered to be J. C. Campbell.

Making a private memorandum of this for his own use, Hare led his comrades to the place, and simply stating that the watch and wallet were too dangerous to carry, re-buried it.

Arrived at Baton Rouge, Hare, instead of joining his companions in a debauch, went to work as a detective, and after much patient investigation, learned that Campbell, the murdered man, was a young planter from Tennessee on his way to New Orleans to purchase slaves. He had stopped at Baton Rouge to visit a brother in business there, and had finally taken passage in a flat-boat owned by two brothers named Carter. This was all he cared to know at present, so after making preparations to quit the place, he departed, but not before he had written and posted a letter to the murdered man's brother, the contents of which will be given the reader in the next number of the GAZETTE.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Shocking Cruelty to a Brother.

News comes from the Canton of Tessen to the Continental Herald of a savage act on the part of the chaplain of Maritz, in the District of Mendrialo. The brother of the chaplain has given, it is supposed, some signs of mental aberration, which led the latter—as he states—to presume that his brother had some designs upon his life.

Under this pretext he was shut up in a miserable room, with but a small opening in it, strongly guarded by bars of iron, through which his meals were handed. One day, latterly, the sister of the victim, who was in the habit of taking his meals to the window, observed that the last ration had not been withdrawn, and she suspected that he was dead.

On entering the room, which had not been opened for a long time, Gasiano Roncati—such was his name—was found at the foot of a bed of rotten straw, in contact with the bare earth in a dying state. His beard was long and untended, his body was covered with bristles rather than hair, and his thin limbs spread over his shoulders like those of a stag. The place looked more like a stable than anything else; its stench was fit for description; but when the body was turned over it was found that for ten years this miserable being had been locked up in this den with no other company than the worms which had woven their webs from roof to floor. The man was called to give the last consolations of religion to the poor creature, but when he arrived this victim of a brother's barbarity had been released from his sufferings.

When these facts became known, there was a cry of indignation raised throughout the district; and the act was happily without frequent parallel; and no slight amount of dissatisfaction has been expressed that the local authorities have been slow in their action to punish the author of the cruel deed. It is stated that the somewhat too liberal tendencies of Roncati in opinion and in matters of expenditure did not suit the aversive character of the chaplain, his brother, and that in this may be found the motive for the incarceration of the victim. It is not yet known whether the police authorities have taken action in the affair. It is difficult to conceive that such an event can be passed by unchallenged.

THE POLITICIAN'S MURDER.—The attorneys for Coroner Croker, Messrs. Fellows, Clifton and Wingate, appeared before Judge Barrett. Col. Fellows asked that the trial be set down for the earliest possible time, and Judge Barrett appointed Tuesday, December 1. The prisoner was then remanded to the Tomb. The decision on the motion to admit the Coroner to bail is to be made known to-morrow morning.

Thomas McQuade, who keeps a liquor saloon at 234 East Thirty-fifth street, was married on Sunday. His sister-in-law, Ann McQuade, caused his arrest on charge of stealing \$350 from her.

THE MARTIN MYSTERY

A FULL DESCRIPTION OF THE MISSING CHILDREN.

THE HEARTLESS ABDUCTOR SEDUCES ONE OF HIS VICTIMS, THEN CARRIES HER OFF.

Trials and Sufferings of a Patient Wife.

A MYSTERIOUS CARD.

The disappearance of the Martin children has now considerable light thrown upon it, although their whereabouts is still wrapped in the deepest gloom.

The name of the abducted are, Ida, aged fifteen, Ellie, aged thirteen, and Charlie, aged ten. Ida is described as being a pretty, intelligent looking girl, plump form, rosy cheeks, hazel eyes, auburn hair, and has the bear of a bite received, upon her right cheek. Ellie's description is almost the same. Charlie has black hair, remarkably brilliant eyes, and an exceedingly dark complexion.

The abductor appears to be one John Dimond, who has figured often in our Police Court. He is the same man whom officer McCann best. He is described as being about five feet nine inches in height, heavy build, black hair and eyes, dark complexion, is crippled in the right hand and has lost the first joint of his forefinger. He is about 40 years of age. Accompanying the disappeared is Wallace Dimond, five feet five inches in height, gray eyes, with east in one, light complexion and light brown hair, aged 31 years; also Hubert Dimond, about five feet five inches in height, light hair, eyes and complexion. The wives of John and Wallace Dimond were also of the party.

It appears that Ida and a young woman named Priscilla Nickerson lived at the house of Dimond, about 7 miles north of the city in Washington township. Ida, as before stated, being very pretty, caused Dimond to be very particular in his attentions to her. In the presence of his wife he frequently called her his "dear Ida," any remonstrance on her part being received with torrents of abuse, beatings, etc. Every circumstance was made the means and object of ingratiating himself into the favor of the girl Ida. Day after day, like a skillful schemer, he weaved his net. He then began making his final approach by telling her of his admiration for her, praising and dwelling upon her beauty, until at last,

IN AN UNGUARDED MOMENT, SHE FELL A VICTIM OF HIS LULLABY DESIGNS.

On being reproached by his neighbors, for this irreparable injury inflicted upon a mere child, he used the most violent language, declaring that he would kill any man who dared to criticize his actions.

Knowing the character of the man, his neighbors, fearing the execution of his threats, desisted from further remonstrance, and avoided him as much as possible. This happened about the first of August last. He then shortly after introduced into his household a woman of bad repute, with whom he openly lived on terms of intimacy, despite the intreaties of his wife. Mrs. Dimond is described as being a very quiet woman. Sadness always present upon her countenance, indicated the gnawing of the worm at her heart. At one time she is said to have said: "If Ida does not go away I will poison both him and her," and on another occasion, on being questioned as to the cause of her sadness replied, "It is heart disease," and on being more closely questioned, responded, with a weary smile, "There are many things in my heart which I will not speak of."

Of late she has viewed the actions of her husband with apathy, no sign of motion expressing the deep, silent misery she was nursing in her bosom.

It also appears that previous to his departure Dimond disposed of all his goods and chattels, informing his neighbors that he intended moving to Fort Wayne. He had at the time in his possession a knife and a violin belonging to Mrs. Josephine Noone, a revolver, the property of James Hopple, and another, that of Frank Close. All of these articles he carried with him. On the first day of October he finally left Washington township, and, after much persuasion, entreaty and coercion, induced Ida to accompany him, saying that he intended to settle in town. The first day of their departure they stopped in a bottom near St. Mary's River, from which place he sent Alva Martin, a brother of Ida, in Brimfield, seven miles west of Kendallville, to procure the person of Ellie, who was living at the above mentioned place with her mother, (Mr. and Mrs. Martin have been separated for a number of years). Ellie, at first, would not accompany him. He then informed her that "Sister Ida was dangerously ill, and if she wished to see the last of her, to come immediately." Sisterly affection swept away all wavering, and without informing her mother, Ellie left.

Priscilla Nickerson, the other girl, had left Dimond's house for a time, on a visit to the northern part of the



A POLITICIAN'S PERPLEXITIES. Page 2.

State. She was taking a return, and at once prepared to do so. In the meantime Dimond, becoming alarmed, and fearing that his intentions would be discovered, hastened his departure a day sooner than at first intended; consequently, on Miss Nickerson's return, she found the house deserted, and all her clothes and personal property gone.

Dimond, on his first appearance, assumed the name of Wilson. He then left, and after an absence of three years, again returned, under the name of John Wilson Dimond.

Since the departure of the Dimonds, two letters have been received: one of them by a Mr. Price, the father-in-law of Wallace, and another by Chas. O'Brien, dated Griggsville, Ill., Oct. 2. Both of these letters were signed by Wallace. He made no mention of the Martins, simply stating that they were well, were encamped upon the Illinois river and would proceed to Kansas. It is believed that these letters are intended to act as a blind in order to ascertain the course Mr. Martin intends to pursue—the older Dimond undoubtedly having taken some other route in order to reach his destination, which appears to be Kansas. We forgot to mention that the boy Charlie acted as driver for the team that conveyed the goods and chattels from the late residence of Dimond.

On yesterday evening the following very mysterious card was received by Mr. Martin. On the face of the

card were the following devices: "As a sign, a reclining woman and a safe; entwined around these the motto, 'Secret unto death,' and a number of letters indiscriminately scattered. On the back of the card was written: 'The Union Secret Society. The lady's friend. Be charitable to all. God's will be done. We defend those we love. We help the afflicted. We are secret unto death.'"

The object of the card it is impossible to ascertain. It renders still more so the obscurity of the absent ones. The post mark was St. Anne, Ill.

Mr. Martin is exerting his utmost to recover his children, and we sincerely hope that his efforts may not prove fruitless.—Fort Wayne Gazette.

What the Police Bureau is Doing.

On Saturday night the police swept their respective wards as clean as they could for Sunday.

In the Sixth Ward, Capt. Lowery closed the dance houses at 27 and 41 Mulberry street, and at 14 Baxter street. At 7 Mulberry street, Michael Mann, the proprietor, and fifty inmates, at 41 Mulberry street, Raphael De Haase, the proprietor, and forty of the inmates, and at 14 Baxter street, Louis Battimetti, proprietor, and twenty-five of the inmates were arrested. All were taken to Franklin street police station, with twenty-seven prisoners from the Bowers and Chatham street. Twenty-two revolvers, forty knives and stillitices, twelve dag-

gers, and many other weapons were taken from the prisoners. Capt. Lowery was compelled to turn out seventy destitute lodgers to make room for his prisoners.

In the Fourth Ward Capt. Williams closed a disorderly house at 116 Roosevelt street, and locked up eighteen persons. In the Tenth Ward Capt. Ullman raided 149 East Houston street and arrested twenty-four men and women. Some dens of aquilifer, frequented by sailors, were closed by Capt. Coffey in the Fifth Ward.

In the Eighth Ward Capt. McDonnell closed a policy shop at 187 Thompson street, and a gambling house at 152 Thompson street. The proprietors, George Van Voorst and Wm. Parsons, alias Buffalo Bill, both white, and thirty-seven players, mostly negroes, were captured. Greens, Wooster, and Mercer streets, and Broadway were then cleared. The result of this raid was the arrest of twenty-two street walkers.

In the Fifteenth Ward Capt. Van Dusen arrested sixteen street walkers between Clinton place and Union square. In the Ninth Ward Capt. Kennedy closed twelve places. Capt. Steers cleared Broadway and closed a gambling house at 138 West Thirtieth street, where he arrested the proprietor, Henry Watson, and nine gamblers.

James Clancy, aged 26, of Fifty-sixth street and Seventh avenue, has been arrested. In December, 1878, at Fifty-third street and Broadway, Clancy garrotted and plundered Mr. Alfred Worth. For this dual crime he served two years and six months in the penitentiary.

WOLF BOYS.

The following has been written of children in India who have been carried off by wolves, by Max Muller. One was found by Hindus who had gone hunting wolves in the neighborhood of Myspur; had been burnt out of the den, and was brought here with the scars and wounds still on him. In his habits he was a perfect wild animal in every point of view. He drank like a dog, and liked a bone and raw meat better than anything else. He would never remain with the other boys, but hide away in a dark corner. Clothes he never would wear, but tore them up into fine shreds. He was only a few months among us, as he got fever and gave up eating. We kept him for a time by artificial means, but eventually he died.

The other boy found among wolves is about thirteen or fourteen years old, and has been here almost six. He has learned to make sounds—yawn he cannot; but he freely expresses his anger and joy; work he will at times, a little, but he likes eating better. His civilization has progressed so far that he likes raw meat less, though he still will pick up bones and sharpen his teeth on them.

At the Lucknow madhouse there was an elderly fellow only four years ago, and may be alive now, who had been dog out of a wolves' den by a European doctor—when, I forget, but it must be a good number of years ago.

The facility with which they get along on four feet—hands and feet—is surprising. Before they eat, or taste food they smell it, and when they don't like the smell they throw it away.

From a number of cases, more or less fully attested, of wolves taking compassion on a child, and bringing it up together with their own cubs, I select the following: A trooper, sent by the native Governor of Chaudour to demand payment of some revenue, was passing along the bank of a river about noon, when he saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy. The boy went on all fours, and when the trooper tried to catch him, he ran as fast as the whelps, and kept up with the old one. They all entered the den, but were dug out by the people with pickaxes, and the boy secured. He struggled hard to rush into every hole or den they came near. He became alarmed when he saw a grown up person, but tried to fly at children and bite them. He rejected cooked meat with disgust, but delighted in raw flesh and bones, patting them on the ground under his paws, like a dog. They tried to make him speak, but could get nothing from him but an angry growl or snarl.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

Another instance happened at Chupra. In March, 1843, a man and his wife went out to cut their crop of wheat. The woman was lending her boy, who had lately recovered from a severe scald on the left knee. While his parents were engaged, the child was carried off by a wolf. In 1840, a wolf, with three cubs, was seen about ten miles from Chupra, followed by a boy. The boy, after a fierce resistance, was caught, and was recognized by the poor cultivator's widow, by the mark of a scald on the left knee, and three marks of the teeth of an animal on each side of his back. He would eat nothing but raw flesh, and could never be brought to speak. He used to mutter something, but never articulated any word distinctly. The front of his knees and elbows had become hardened from rubbing on all fours with the wolves. In November, 1850, Capt. Nicholson ordered this boy to be sent to Col. Nicolson, but he got alarmed and ran to a jungle.

The same applies to a third case, touched for by the Rajah of Harunpoor, which adds, however, nothing essential, except that the boy, as seen by him in 1848, had actually short hair all over his body, which disappeared when he took to calling wolf. He could walk on his legs, but he could not speak. He could be made to understand signs very well, but would utter sounds like wild animals.

Another, a fourth case, however, is touched for again by European witnesses. Col. Gray, who commanded the First Oude Local Infantry at Buitanpoor, and Mrs. Gray, and all the officers of the place, saw a boy who, in 1848, had been caught while trifling along on all fours by the side of a wolf. He could never be made to speak, and at last ran away into the jungle.

OTHER CASES.

A fifth case rests on the evidence of a respectable land holder of Bankpoor, in the estate of Harunpoor (called Zoolinkar Khan). Here, too, the boy, who had been six years old when carried off, and was ten when rescued, could not be brought to speak, though it was easy to communicate with him by signs.

Another statement of a wolf-boy is given, but as it rests on native evidence only, I will only add that this boy also, when caught, walked on all fours, ate raw meat, and smelt like a wolf. He was treated kindly, but though he learnt to behave better and walk uprightly, he never could understand or utter a word, though he seemed to understand signs. One witness states that he uttered the name of a little girl who had been kind to him (Abodees) and that he showed some attachment to her, but this sentimental trait is not confirmed by other witnesses.

There are other cases, but those which I have selected are to my mind the best attested. They all share one feature in common, which is of importance to the student of language more even than to the student of mythology, viz., the speechlessness of these wolf-children. It was this fact, more than the bearing of these stories on a problem of mythology, which first made me collect the evidence here produced.



"SCOOPED" Page 1



KIN THE NICK OF TIME Page 1

"THE MONK;"
OR
PRIDE BEFORE A FALL.

sprung from the ground; she hastened to follow him, overtook him, threw herself in his passage, and embraced his knees. Ambrosio strove in vain to disengage himself from her grasp.

"Temptation, say you? Forget that I am a woman and it no longer exists: consider me only as a friend as an unfortunate, whose happiness, whose life depend

"Agnes! Agnes!" he exclaimed, while reflecting on his embarrassments. "I already feel thy curse!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

liberated. As the carriage in which they were conveyed to one of the hotels, left the Mayor's office, a crowd gathered about it, and threats of personal violence were made. The term d—d heretic, was applied to the

robbers had forced the cashier to aid them in doing their work. Kelly says he got the bonds from one J. Flemming in exchange for a piece of land. He had hearing before Alderman Beidler, and was held for trial.

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FOOTPADS AT WORK. Page 3.



A NEGRO MONSTER. Page 3.



NFRA DIG. Page 3.

Youthful Depravity.

A YOUNG GIRL FIRES HER EMPLOYER'S HOUSE IN THREE PLACES.

Her Confession of Guilt.

One of the most extraordinary cases of arson on record was developed in an examination before Fire Marshal Sheldon. It appears that between 4 and 5 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, Mary Estelle Howard, a colored girl, fourteen years of age, employed as a housemaid in the family of Mr. W. W. Downs, residing in Avenue A, near Eighty-seventh street, actuated by malice, growing out of an insult received from a child of Mr. Downs, deliberately set fire to the house in three different places. Fortunately the fires were discovered and extinguished before any serious damage had been sustained. An uncle and a cousin of the girl are also employed in the house, the former as coachman and the latter as nurse-maid. On Saturday morning the girl had some words with a child of Mr. Downs, and the child, a boy three years old, as she alleges, spat in her face. She thereupon struck the child, and the matter coming to the ears of her uncle, he chastised her for having struck the child. Her uncle at about 1 o'clock went out driving with some members of his employer's family, and was not expected to return for several hours. Mrs. Downs, who was sick, was in one of the upper chambers of the house, and Della Howard, the house maid's cousin, was attending to some duties in the kitchen. Between 4 and 5 o'clock Mary went into the cellar, gathered a heap of fine kindling wood, and set fire to it. She then went up stairs and busied herself in cleaning the windows on the parlor floor. In the meantime the smoke from the pile of burning wood in the cellar escaped from the grating in front of the house, and attracted the attention of Mr. George W. Brown, who resides at No. 447 East Eighty-sixth street, and he hurried to Mr. Downs' house. The nurse-maid, Della, had also discovered the fire, and gave an alarm. While Mr. Brown and some of the neighbors were engaged in extinguishing the fire in the cellar, Mary struck a match and applied it to the lines



A NARROW ESCAPE. Page 3.

cover of one of the sofas in the parlor, and then ran out of the room, closing the door after her. When the neighbors had put out the fire in the cellar, they discovered the fire which had been kindled in the parlor. This in turn was soon put out. In the meantime, the youthful incendiary had descended into the dining room in the basement, and setting fire to a child's apron threw it into a closet, and locked the door. This third fire was quickly discovered and extinguished. Capt. Robbins, of the Twenty-third Precinct Police, was then informed of what had occurred, and replying to the house proceeded to investigate the matter. He questioned Mary very closely, but she stoutly denied all knowledge of how the fires had been caused. As it was apparent that the girl was the incendiary, Capt. Robbins arrested her, and she was locked up at the Eighty-seventh street police station for the night. Notice was sent to Fire Marshal Sheldon, and he made a most searching investigation. Becoming convinced that the fires had been kindled by the suspected girl he sent for her and questioned her very closely, but she stoutly persisted in her denial. She was again locked up, and as the Fire Marshal was about leaving the stationhouse she informed one of the sergeants that she was willing to make a confession. She was brought out of the cell in which she was confined and made the following confession voluntarily:

"I kindled all the three fires in Mr. Downs' house. I don't know why I did it. I was not angry at the time. At noon I was angry and struck the child because he spit in my face. I took a box of matches from the closet, went to the cellar, and lit the paper which was lying among the wood. I went upstairs and washed the windows of the parlor on the parlor floor just before Della discovered the fire which had been started ten minutes before. I lit the gas in the hall and then went into the parlor and lit the slipcover of the sofa. After that, and while they were putting out the fire in the parlor, I went down stairs, took one of the children's aprons in the pantry, lit it and closed the door. After that I showed Mr. Brown the fire. I am fourteen years old, and have lived out at service for several years."

The girl was recommitted to the custody of Capt. Robbins, and the papers in the case will be presented to the District Attorney to-day for his consideration as to what should be done with the youthful incendiary.



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